The Log of the "Winged Sword of France"

SOLDIERS call Guynemer "the Ace of Aces," but in France patriots call him "the Winged Sword of France." He stands out in the early history of the war, more spirit than man, an indomitable and unconquerable will. Aerial warfare is a simpler and more effective thing now than it was a year and two years ago. Between 1915 and 1917 Guynemer officially destroyed fifty-three enemy airplanes. Many others received marks of his daring invasion of the skies. Jacques Mortane, a friend of the aviator, has written a book about him, compiled from notes taken from the aviator's own descriptions of his flight and from his notebook of flight. A translation by Clifton Harby Levy has just been published in the United States by Moffat, Yard & Co.

The writer first met Guynemer near Bourget. They went to a small café together. Guynemer talked vaguely, interestingly, but not with precision. Mortane writes that the flier seemed indisposed to talk before so many people. The account continues:

"'I want to write an article about you,' I said to him.

"He looked at me with those piercing eyes of his, as if he were taking counsel with himself, and, after several seconds, said:

"'All right, but on condition that you do not mention my name!'

"Such was his modesty. He would not let me publish a name which soon thereafter was to be pronounced with veneration by the entire world.

"'With that understanding let us get close together at another table, where we shall be perfectly at ease as we converse.'

"He consented, and seemed to be relieved at not having to talk so publicly. Difficult as he had seemed to interview before, and slow of speech, when we were smoking in each other's faces, he went into all details, told me stories, not omitting a single fact by which we could follow completely his earlier combats. And every time I saw him afterward I found him thus: rather silent and even taciturn before a gallery, but a brilliant, precise talker when alone with me.

"As soon as he began to talk aviation, and especially pursuit, he did not stop, and I was always charmed with his conversation. He was inexhaustible, passing from one subject to the other, citing a fight of one of his comrades, admiring the courage of another, protesting with conviction and anger against the lack of knowledge of others, returning to the subject of conversation and then taking up another.

"With inexhaustible energy he seemed to be afraid that he would not have time enough to tell me all that he wanted to tell. He advised me to write an article upon a certain subject, suggested an idea to begin with, begged me to urge a reform, and finally consented to take up again the purpose of our conversation, which interested me most—his victories. When I left him I had a note-book almost filled, one pencil worn down and . . . a cramped hand. But what a harvest!"

This was in 1915. His early battles showed already the qualities of daring and originality which enabled him to find the honored place he achieved. Guynemer tells of two of his early experiences, unique in their way:

"On September 30, when I was in a single-seated 'plane at 3,200 metres (it is notable that all my duels in the air took place at this altitude), more than thirty kilometres within the lines of the enemy, I was challenged by a Fokker. My rapid-fire gun jammed and I could not get it working. I was in a position where I could not reply to fire. The enemy, when fifty metres from me, fired no less than 200 times, and by a miracle did no more than puncture one of my tires. But the situation might change from one moment to another, and the chance was that the Boche would finally hit me in a less kindly way. I had to find some speedy solution. A sea of clouds floated some 500 metres beneath us, and I did not hesitate, notwithstanding the advice always given us, to avoid clouds and mist, to plunge at full speed into the expanse of cloud and disappear from the eyes of my adversary, who certainly had already counted me as beaten down, to be added to the list of his conquests.

"This disappearance, which was much like the dropping of the traitor through a trap-door in a melodrama, must have upset all the calculations of the Boche. For ten minutes I lay hidden in that sea of mist. I could see nothing, but—and that was the main point—I was not seen. The Fokker had to stand on guard and I had to avoid falling foul of him. Here again luck helped me: I shot up, climbing rapidly. When I reached the open air I found myself leaning on one wing, but soon regained my equilibrium. The enemy was no longer there, and I did not wait for him; I hastened to regain our lines, breathing more than one sigh of relief.

"On November 6 there was a new incident for my eighth fight, and this, too, on account of my gun jamming. Really, my rapid-fire guns gave me endless trouble. I must admit that it is because I had not studied how they worked with sufficient care. But I did finally learn how to handle them, and now when they jam it is because they cannot help it. On this day my gun was frozen and refused to go off. If I had known then what I know now I would only have had to press on the percussion cap and the frozen oil would not have resisted any longer. But the hunter has to learn how to hunt.

"I was over Rosieres-en-Santerre, at 3,200 metres, as usual, when I saw a superb 150-horsepower L. V. G. with a Parabellum quick-firer.

"I began by trying to face him so as to fire, when I found that my rapid-fire gun had not the least murderous intention. It seemed as if the good Boche god were protecting him. But I, my French God, the true God, was He about to abandon me? What was I to do? No clouds about today—I must find some other way out.

"Only one resource was left—to use the enemy as a shield! I turned on one wing, passed below him and remained about two metres below the body of his machine. I regulated my speed by his, and from a distance we must have looked like one gigantic apparatus. You may be sure that I lost not a single detail of the German device. But what was the use, for I had not even a revolver to shoot with, but the Boche would have been at my mercy with the most inoffensive weapon.

"He, who had me at the moment I turned, had no more warlike ardor. He must have been very much annoyed, for he had followed each move and knew that I was very close to him, just underneath. He, too, must have had his regrets; if there had only been a trapdoor under his seat he could almost have knocked me down by a kick on the head. But, is it not true that the 'plane builders could not think of everything and would hardly have dreamed that aeroplanes ever would be used for a dual parade like this?

"The person above hardly dared to make a motion downward for fear of coming too close to me and being dragged down by my fall. He certainly flew perfectly straight and level. As for myself, finding it too foolish to be in this position without being able to take advantage of it, I fussed with my gun again, trying to get it to work. I had, of course, to drop the steering control. It was certainly not the moment to do such a thing.

"Suddenly I saw that I was about to collide with the only Boche with whom I seemed to have an understanding. Judging that the danger was imminent, I quickly gave a blow at the foot-lever to the right to avoid telescoping, and in the resulting turn my left wing caught the right wing of the enemy; it was a moment of high tension, you will easily understand. But it was nothing, only a little bit of cloth was torn from my apparatus.

"We parted, on even wing, but reestablished our relative position as if we had always sailed together in twin-fashion. And I can assure you that the Boche did not try to profit by the situation; he speeded away as fast as possible, without stopping to see whether I could find my way alone. I think that if he has not yet been killed he will not soon forget this experience. The 'Siamese Twins of the Air' might well serve as the title of our joint recollections.

"But these different contests did not increase the number of my victories, so I did not find them at all to my taste."

In 1917 Guynemer, now a captain, was to reach the apex of his career and then die. He did not fly as much as before, but in nine months he trebled his record, gaining twenty-eight official victories. In May he won seven victories in twenty-seven days. This is a careful copy of his notebook in this period:

"May 1, 1917—Buc-Bonne-Maison. One hour 15 minutes.

"May 2, 1917—On hunting circuit. One fight. Two hours 15 minutes, 5,000 metres.

"Hunting. Four fights, one jamming, but I brought down one Albatross of a group of four, on fire. Two hours 10 minutes.

"May 3, 1917—Hunting circuit. Wounded an Albatross seriously to the north of the Malmaison front. One hour.

"Hunting circuit. Nothing to report. One hour 35 minutes, 5,000 metres.

"May 4, 1917. Hunting circuit. Two fights. I killed a passenger. I attacked three two-seated Albatrosses, one of which was brought down within our lines. One hour 50 minutes, 5,000 metres.

"From 5th to 24th trying out my aeroplane.

"May 25, 1917—Hunting circuit, four fights. I brought down a two-seater at 8:30, which lost one wing and crashed into the trees some 1,200 metres N N W of Corbeney. At 8:31 I brought down another, a two-seater, on fire, near Jusancourt. Together with Captain Auger forced a two-seater to dive from 600 meters to a kilometre within our lines. No more cartridges. Two hours.

"Hunting circuit. Brought down a D. F. W. on fire at Courlandon. Forty minutes.

"Hunting circuit. Brought down a two-seater on fire between Guignicourt and Condé-sur-Suippes. With Captain Auger scattered a group of six single-seaters. Two hours.

"May 26, 1917—Hunting. During a fight my motor balked. Landed in the fields. Arose again. Brought down a two-seated Albatross at 10 o'clock to the west of Condé-sur-Suippes. Two hours fifteen minutes, 4,500 metres.

"Hunting circuit. Four fights, one of which was against four single-seater Albatrosses. Gun jammed. One of the single-seaters carried a No. 2 black gun, seen before at Nancy. One hour.

"May 27, 1917—Hunting. While alone I attacked six two-seaters over Auberive at 4,900 metres. I forced all six down to 3,600 metres (three fights). Then attacked eight Boches, forcing one down from 4,000 to 800 metres, tearing off the canvas from my fuselage. He was taken up by a Spad and crashed down in a shell crater. Taken prisoner. One hour ten minutes, 4,900 metres.

"May 28, 1917—On hunting circuit. Attacked a two-seater over Bienne at 8:45. Attacked a two-seater, which landed. Gun jammed at the second shot fired at a single-seater surprised at point-blank range, painted white and black, longitudinally, in stripes about five centimetres wide. One hour forty minutes.

"On hunting circuit. Two fights. Jammed gun. One hour thirty minutes.

"May 29, 1917—Bonne-Maison-Corbeaulieu. One hour, 600 metres.

"May 30, 1917—Returned. Fight with four single-seaters. Gun jammed. One hour fifteen minutes, 3,300 metres.

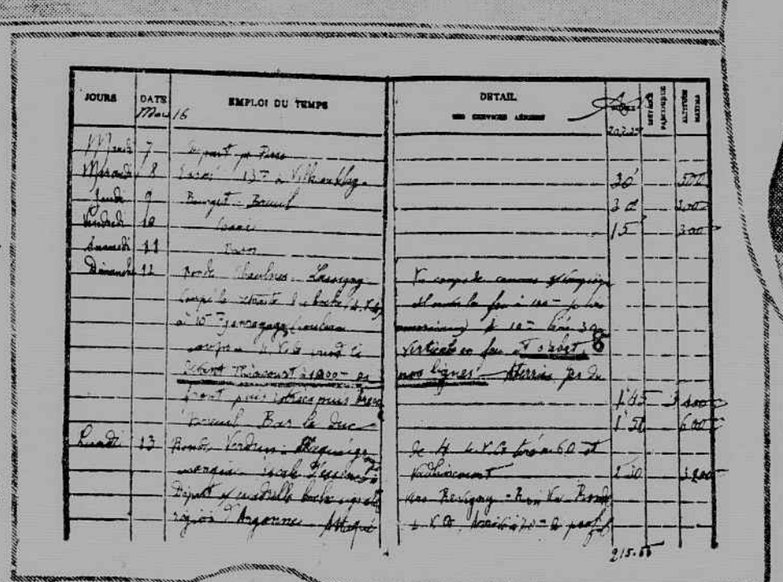
"Bonne-Maison. Villacoublay. Paris. One hour, 500 metres.

"Return. One hour, 500 metres."

"Thus," concludes his chronicler, "in the month of May Guynemer had added to his list his thirty-seventh, thirty-eighth, thirty-ninth, fortieth, forty-first, forty-second and forty-third victims, of which four had been secured in one day and one on the next day, an exploit never approached in French aviation. (Since that time Lieutenant Fonck, on May 9, 1918, brought down six aeroplanes, two of them in ten seconds, passing from his thirty-sixth to his forty-second victory.) Other successes only probably went to make up this almost inconceivable record."

On Tuesday, September 11, he departed on a patrol. The writer observes at this point: "He never came back again." The account of another companion officer in the flight notebook closes the story of his career as it had been recorded in his own way:

"Captain Guynemer left at 8:25 on patrol with Second Lieutenant Bozon Verduraz; disappeared in the course of a combat with a two-seater over Poelcapelle (Belgium)."



The photograph at the extreme left and the one at the top in the centre show Guynemer right in his shop, the first preparing for flight, and the second about to get away for combat with Hun airmen. The small boy (above) is the ace of aces at six years of age.

Here are a couple of specimen pages from Guynemer's log or official "emploi du temps." The daring flier is seen again in the photograph above, which affords an interesting glimpse of some of his medals. To the left is a picture of Guynemer at the age of ten

The Russian Boomerang Booms

THE ignorance which the well-to-do in Russia used to encourage among the masses has proved a boomerang. It has reacted on those who have themselves to blame, suggests "The Philadelphia Public Ledger":

"In Russia, now that the confusion is at its climax, the rich, the educated and the well-to-do are blaming the ignorance of the masses for the sorrow and shame and bitterness that are over the whole country. The intelligent Russians have no words adequate to express their bitterness in the face of unmerited suffering and injustice which Bolshevik rule inflicted upon every one who owned anything of value.

"Most of what the better informed Russians are saying and writing is true. Their resentment is justified.

"But they seem to forget that the ignorance which brought misfortune and poverty and death to them is the same ignorance which they always either tolerated or encouraged in eight-tenths of the unhappy population.

"The law of compensation operates unfailingly for nations as well as for men."

"I'm Still Workin' on My First Million"

WAR SECRETARY BAKER said at a luncheon in Washington: "Ours will be the most democratic army in the world, for ours is the most democratic country.

"A millionaire, as he climbed into his limousine, snarled at a newsboy:

"'No, I don't want any paper! Get out.'

"'Well, keep your shirt on, boss,' the newsboy answered. 'The only difference between you and me is that you're making your second million, while I'm still workin' on my first.'"—*Washington Post.*

More Young Democracy Than Plain Rice

IN JAPAN, so the world heard one morning, something happened very suddenly, and the observers and commentators are not yet sure what it was. There is a fear of German propaganda, sinister and hidden in the land that now turns from its potential menace to German ambitions to become an actual danger in its character of Siberian arbitrator. From the long distance view it is seen as possible that the riots betoken nothing more than their surface facts indicate. The people may really be hungry; the distribution, even as well as production, of food products may be badly managed. But "The New York Call," the Socialist newspaper, remarks that "not even Japan is immune from the social ferment that is heaving all over the world." And "The New York Sun" points out that Japan has a population of around 55,000,000, with only 2,201 families owning each more than a quarter of a million dollars in wealth, and that most of this wealth has been gathered in the last forty years. "The Sun" asks: "Is it not axiomatic that unless broad views and sympathies should increase with the hoard of gold the social system would be strained?" "The New York Evening World" points out that taxes, the heritage of the war with Russia, still rest heavily on the people, and the increased burdens of the present military programme have brought about a weariness of burdens among the people. The New York Tribune adds to the information on Japan by showing that when Japan, faced by the road to subjection or to supremacy, chose the latter, she "accepted competition with Western industrialism on terms that were almost heartbreaking. For Japan to become an industrial nation Japanese labor had to be the cheapest of its kind and quality in the world, which it is. The hardships are terrific."

Adachi Kinnosuke, who sees many nuances in Japanese situations that domestic observers often miss, dismisses the cost of rice in an article appearing in The New York Tribune, and amplifies his judgment by declaring that "there is more of the new-born democracy in Japan than plain rice about this rice riot." They have rioted about rice before in Japan, he says, but not rioted like this. And then:

"People are rioting because they have wakened to the sense of their own power—they have come to realize that the many are quite as powerful as the few. In that flower-scented native home of politeness and gentle polish, as in cruder corners of the earth, the mob is coming to its own—coming to it violently."

And then Mr. Kinnosuke gives us food for thought with the statement that although with the aid of Hearst and German propaganda America "has insisted on thinking of the Japanese as the poor benighted children of Oriental autocracy," the "growth of democracy among the people of Japan has been sensational."

What really happened in Japan, according to this observer, was that the speculators and the rice farmers started the price running upward, and that the government, by various kinds of interference, couldn't stop it. The result, says Mr. Kinnosuke, was these nation-wide riots, not "a revolt against the government. It is the revolt of the poor against the tyranny of the money power." And he concludes:

"It is not a pretty preface to the story of democracy in Japan. It tells in no shadowy manner, however, that the rule of the many in Japan is a real, a violently real, thing now."

"The Springfield Republican," aware of political disturbances in Japan, questions how far they have been active in producing the present situation, and says:

"It is not yet clear whether the disorders in Japan, the magnitude of which is unknown because of a close censorship, are merely a protest against the dearness and scarcity of food or have a political origin. The Teranchi government has powerful political opponents, and it is well known that intervention in Siberia, except to promote Japanese interests, has been far from popular in Japan. In business circles it has been felt that Japan could not afford it. Japan is not a rich country, and the war has given it a wonderful opportunity to better its condition. Japanese shipping has had almost a monopoly in the Pacific, and there is a market for all that the Japanese factories can produce of innumerable articles which Germany and other belligerent nations used to supply. Thus to take men away from their work for military duty is an even greater sacrifice than at ordinary times, and ever since the issue came up last year a large part of the press has insisted that if Japan sent an army into Siberia there must be a quid pro quo. If the riots have been instigated by politicians, they probably have this origin; if they are purely spontaneous, they may be merely economic or a protest of the proletariat, which even in Japan has been showing new assertiveness against intervention taken to be for the overthrow of the Bolsheviki. The spread of Bolshevism in the Far East, indeed, has been assigned as one of the reasons obliging Japan to take action in Siberia."

Food profiteers are the cause of the trouble, according to "The Baltimore Sun," which sees the situation as a result of rebellion against a difficulty that has come in the wake of Western civilization:

"Those who have been disposed to regard Japan as a menace might well wish it were threatened by the deadly virus of Bolshevik theories of government and society. Nothing could more speedily or surely bring to weakness and ruin this marvellous empire of the East. But the friends and admirers of Japan will hope that this cankerworm is not destroying the beauty and power and promise of the nation which has given the Orient a new place in intellectual and military rank.

"The probabilities seem to be that the popular uprisings are a stern protest against food and profiteers and a warning that the Japanese people will not stand for their tricks. Japan has adopted many of the features of Western civilization, but her masses have apparently not reached the point of quiet submission to war gouging and the manipulation of their main staple of food. They are a pretty energetic people, and when they get started are apt to make their enemies, domestic or foreign, sit up and take notice."

The entire situation that has come out of the continuation of the war is seen by "The Pittsburgh Dispatch" as being responsible for the new troubles of Japan:

"The high cost of living hit the Japanese as well as the rest of the world, showing an increase of 60 per cent during the war, 40 per cent of that in 1916 and 1917. Wage advances granted following strikes amounted to but 15 or 20 per cent, the result being unprecedented labor disturbances. Following the entrance of America into the war and our embargo on the export of iron, steel and gold the shipbuilding industry was interrupted, and the prevention of the import of gold to pay the balance of trade disturbed Japanese industry in general, the spinning industry being first to feel the effects. Prices continued to go up and wages down and failures were frequent.

"Division of opinion about the advisability of intervention in Siberia may also have had something to do with the situation. Japan's internal politics have been extremely bitter in recent years, the growing influence of the progressives being repressed by the Elder Statesmen, who vainly seek to sit on the lid. It is not at all likely that the riots or the conditions of which they are the symptom will have any immediate effect on Japanese policy, but they are significant of the stirrings in the Far East."

But Japan is near one of the world's danger spots; how can she escape without a mark of her proximity? That is the question of "The Boston Globe":

"Hot winds blow upon Japan from the West—from China, still seething with revolution; from Siberia, the mighty province of that country of chaos which was imperial Russia. The Japanese government, cooperating with ours in an effort to bring wiser counsels to Russia, has need to exercise wise counsels at home.

"Japan is not a moss-grown, treason-corrupted bureaucracy, like the former government of the Czar. It is alert, efficient, supple. Japan's industry is of the twentieth century. It will be well if her economic philosophy is brought into the twentieth century also."

A Lady With Her Hat Off

"JUST to talk to a woman"—that becomes a privilege when a man has been shut up in a camp for months.

And after he has gone across, it is a double privilege to talk to a woman who speaks his own language. An anonymous writer in "The London Daily Mail" tells of a doughboy who had that aspiration:

"Where are you from, Bud?" I asked him as I slid into a seat next him in the Underground.

"Me?" he said, surprised from his reveries. "I'm from Texas, sah."

He had been on this side three months, he told me, and was stationed at a flying camp, and he was the only American there at the moment.

"Do you know any one here?" I asked.

"Not a soul."

"Don't you go out at all—on Sundays, for instance?"

"Well, I've been invited to several sort o' formal functions, teas and things, but I feel they are kind o' perfunctory invitations; and the two that I went to I felt like as if I was just invited 'cause I had to be. So I just sit around on Sundays now . . . and write home . . . and tinker with the old engine."

When I asked him if he would spend next Sunday at my home the slits under his sunburned brows became twinkling pases, and he inquired solemnly, "Are you married?" I admitted I was, half apologetically, for I failed to understand his motive.

"Gee!" he retorted eagerly, "then I'll come! I'd just love to talk to a woman. I haven't talked to a woman for so long that"—— He broke off suddenly and contemplated the braid of his sleeve for a moment; then, pulling himself together, he continued: "The nearest I get is when I write to my mother. I never knew a fellow could get that way. Did you ever swear off smoking . . . and there comes a day when you itch to do something and you can't think what it is? . . . To see her drop a lump of sugar into a teacup . . . and pass the jam. And, believe me, it isn't the tea or the jam; it's just . . . well, you know . . . a lady—with her hat off! You know . . . in her own house!"

It's All in the State of Mind

(The following verses were given to the editor of "Trench and Camp" by a lieutenant colonel of the British army, who said he caused a copy to be placed in the hands of every soldier coming under his command):

IF YOU think you are beaten, you are,
If you think that you dare not, you don't,
If you think you'd like to win, but you think you can't,
It's almost a "cinch" you won't.
If you think you'll lose, you've lost,
For out in the world you find
Success begins with a fellow's will:
It's all in the state of mind.

Full many a race is lost
Ere even a step is run,
And many a coward fails
Ere even his work's begun.
Think big, and your deeds will grow,
Think small, and you'll fall behind.
Think that you can, and you will;
It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you're outclassed, you are,
You've got to think high to rise;
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You can ever win a prize.
Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man;
But soon or late the man who wins
Is the fellow who thinks he can.